

Elizabeth F. Lindsay

Provo, Utah
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I, Elizabeth Foster Lindsay, was born in Heber City, on the 19th of February, 1881, At Lindsay's Dell, Lake Creek, Wasatch County, Utah. I was born at home in a two roomed pioneer house. One room was of logs and the other was lumber set upright. My grandmother, Christina Howie Lindsay Muir was the midwife.

My father was Robert Lindsay, oldest son of William Lindsay and Christina Howie. Robert Lindsay was born at Gatehead, Ayrshire, Scotland on the 19th of April, 1845. His father was born in Wanlockhead, Dumfries, Scotland, 15 May, 1820. Robert's mother, Christina Howie was born in Craighall, Ayrshire, Scotland, 3 July, 1823. Robert was a sickly child and was once run over by a heavy coal wagon which almost cost him his life and which gave him much suffering. His chest was injured. On 17 October, 1861, his father, William, oldest son of Robert McQueen Lindsay was killed in a coal mine where he and three of his young boys were working. A huge piece of coal fell on him and he was crushed to death. The family had been planning to come to Zion and thought this would stop their coming. In 1862 the family came across the plains with Homer Duncan's company and were assigned to a wagon driven by John Turner of Heber, so they came right to Heber where they remained and built their homes. Years later Robert was killed by a falling hay derrick 19 July, 1911, on his farm in Lake Creek.

My mother, Sarah Ann Murdock, was born 2 March, 1853 at "Church Pastures" in what is now Davis County, Utah, close to the place where the Cudahay Packing Company is located. She was the daughter of Joseph Stacy Murdock and Eliza Clark. Joseph S. Murdock was born in Hamilton, Madison Co., New York on the 26th of June, 1822. Eliza Clark was born at Herefordshire, England 17th May, 1830. She was married to Joseph S. Murdock in polygamy on June 2nd, 1852 in Utah.

The L.U.S. Church owned cattle, taken in for tithing. Joseph S. Murdock knew how to take care of cattle and sheep so Brigham Young sent him and his two wives, Elizabeth Hunter and Eliza Clark to Church Pastures" to look after the live stock of the church. They made butter and cheese and did all other necessary work at that place for some time. The cheese, butter, and meat products were used to help the needy of the church.

I was blessed in the Heber East Ward, and later baptized by Henry McMullin in Spring Creek, which is located near the Provo River between Heber and Midway. Baptism day was a big day in our lives. For months father had been checking me on a catechism of L.U.S. church dates and facts. (I still own the book.) I was happy to think of becoming a church member. All families would take their children to the spacious pasture surrounding Spring Creek. Mothers would hang up blankets or quilts around willow bushes to serve as dressing rooms for the children who were to be baptized. As their turns came they would be immersed in the clear, cool water as Christ was by someone having the same authority as John the Baptist had. Then they would go with their mothers to be dried and dressed and would then be confirmed members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. John J. Cummings confirmed me a member of the Church.

As stated before, father and Uncle William Lindsay had taken up a "claim" together. They built their houses rather close together on the lower part of the section. Later on they decided it would be better to have one house on the upper part of the land to the east. The decision had to be made as to which brother would make the move. Father was the older and ordinarily would have had first choice, but they decided to "draw cuts". They did this and rather got the "cut" to make the move. So the change was made some time after my birth. When father made the move he built a two room log house facing the west. It stood just in front of the west porch of the large weather boarded log house now standing at Lindsay's Dell. The place is now called the "Bond Ranch".

The large log house which father had built just back of this two roomed log house was not entirely finished when Eliza and Jode were married, but they held their wedding reception in it. The couple stood on the door step facing the north. They were married by Thomas S. Watson. Two hundred guests stood or sat on the hill in front of the house. Eliza was dressed in a corded tan silk dress with orange blossoms. She was a beautiful girl. Long tables were made and put in what is now the dining room. Tables extended north and south--I think there were three of them. Most of the food for the wedding had been cooked in the "old house" by Maggie Stevenson. It seemed that we "tip-toed" for a week for fear a cake would fall (in the baking). Merla Bond Wilson still has the top of her grandmother Eliza's wedding cake.

There were some things in my early childhood I do not remember, but Mother said I had gone with the family to Heber and back by ox team. I do not remember any oxen on the farm. I remember our horses, Norman and Charley, Jim, blind Pet, Vick, our skinny bucky horse who almost died in

the harness, Dolly, my shiny buggy horse, Mazie, my riding pony, Sport, Roland's riding pony, and Lightning, George's wild riding horse.

Uncle William's family and ours lived about half a mile apart after father built his new house as Lindsay's Dell. There was a little hill between the two homes. If one family or the other needed help a child would run to the top of "The Little Hill" and give a whoop and a signal and in no time there was an answer. When mother and Aunt Mary visited, each with their knitting, the hostess would escort the visiting lady to the top of "The Little Hill" and if they reached the top in the middle of a choice story they would walk back a way and then back to the top again hoping that the story and the hill top would match. If they didn't Sarah and Mary would try it again. As I grew older I've had many a laugh about their walks back and forth to the "Top of The Little Hill" trying to finish their stories at the right place.

In our home we always had meals on time and served in an orderly way--no kitchen snacks, then a dash to a movie or something of the sort. We also had the blessing on the food and night and evening family prayers around the table before we started our meal. Our chairs would be turned around and we would kneel in a circle around the table. Father would pray or would call on anyone of us as he felt impressed. Sometimes I felt that he called on me when I had been extra naughty. That would really make me feel humble. Family prayer had an influence on me that still remains. When you have a little difference in a family and then bow in humble prayer with the group all bitterness is driven away and a strengthening influence comes into your life that sustains you and holds you long after the circle is broken. Its influence is lasting.

My father was a hard worker and a good provider. My mother was a good manager, a good cook, and a good housekeeper. She could sew for boys better than for girls. Though we had a little "ready money" we had produce and always had a good living. We had good milk, butter, cream, bread and vegetables and so fared well at the table. Father thought mother made the best butter in the valley, so he would never sell her home made butter for less than twenty-five cents per pound. People clamored for her butter. (I still have her butter bowl, print and paddle.) Father made a rock milk cellar by the spring to care for the milk and cream. How we loved to take a loaf of home made bread and go to the cellar, take a pan of rich, cold milk and cream and eat bread and milk--great bowls of it!

If we needed shoes or anything else father would sack up some wheat, take it to Mark Jeffs and exchange it for what we desired. Father would have allowed us to run in debt for things, but mother would say "No! In case of sickness if we have to run in debt we'll do so, but at no other time. We'll manage somehow." Father fell in line with this policy and at the time of his death he owed for a mowing machine, but he had enough money in his pocket to pay for that. He also had wheat enough in the bins to last for two years. He was not in debt and we were glad of it.

When weather was favorable we went to Sunday School. Much of the time we walked the three miles to Heber. On Thursdays we attended Fast Meeting. After the Wasatch Stake House was built I went to Primary, which was held in the back room. My first teacher was Sister Lee--a little, round faced woman with snow white hair and a sweet, tender manner. She taught us many songs such as "I'm not Too Young for God to See." Sister Fidelia Jacobs was my next teacher. She was a tall, rather heavy-set lady of great ability.

The first Sunday School I can remember was held in the church on the west side of Main Street near Jeff's Store. They taught us the A B Cs from large cards. Of course, they also told us Bible stories. Patriarch John Duke gave me my first Patriarchal blessing when I was just a young girl. I always treasured it and thought about it and tried to live up to its suggestions.

As I grew up I was rather scrawny, but my health was good. I had a bad case of measles and suffered some with my eyes afterwards, but taking it all in all I've had wonderful health. I haven't been much of a "heavy weight" when it comes to hard labor, but I can keep going as long as the most of them. I did much too much dreaming as I sat on the door step of our first home at Lindsay's Dell. As I waited for the folks to come home from Heber, I'd watch the sunset and the lingering lights along the trees and shrubs on the Daniel's mountains. They looked like soldiers on their march--I wondered where they were going. The bellowing of cows, the swoop of the night hawk, the last call of the Mourning Dove, the hoot of the owl, all cast a queer spell over me that I still remember.

On the farm all of us took part in the regular farm work. We milked cows, fed pigs, chickens, helped in the hay field, shocked grain, gleaned wheat, planted and picked potatoes, picked wild berries for jelly, picked currants and gooseberries from our own garden, pulled weeds, sprouted potatoes, built fences, herded cows, and in our leisure hours father would

take us to the Midway Hot Pots for a swim or up Center Creek Canyon for fossils in clay ledges, or for a picnic while we gathered choke cherries. One activity which brought a bit of pleasure as a finish was picking sage brush while clearing new land. Father or the boys would group the sage and the smaller fry would gather it and put it into huge piles. At night both families would join in the burning. There was much competition to see who would have the highest blaze. Often we would roast potatoes in the embers later. In those days there were no allowances. We all did our part and were glad to do it. We had our needs supplied as far as our parents were able to meet them.

After the cows were milked in the morning some one had to drive them up toward the Spring where they would feed on the surrounding hills for the day. I was always glad to be allowed to go along with Jane Ann or Eunice. We didn't need to hurry back so we would play house under the sheltering hawthorns along the spring creek. This was a rich time of dreaming and fantasy. I loved it. When the haws were ripe we would have wedding feasts under the old trees. We had leaf tables, stick guests, flower decorations and luscious haws cut in various ways for different kinds of food. These would disappear into hungry mouths if the stick guests failed to appreciate them. We built farms and houses and fairy castles. What good times we had! I wonder now if mother worried about us. When mother would go with us to weed the garden or sprout potatoes it was not work, it was fun. She had nimble fingers and was full of stories and fun. She would tell us of her childhood days and we never tired of hearing her tell of Grandma and Grandpa Murdock and their Indian experiences. She even remembered seeing a bear on their trip to Carson, Nevada when she was a little girl. None of us slipped away from the job if mother was with us. We enjoyed her too much.

Before Easter time we picked up the habit some where of hiding Easter eggs. Each one of us would hurry at night to find some eggs to put away in a secret place to be brought in on Easter morning. If one of us found the hiding place of one of the others he might take all those eggs and add to his own collection. Mother sometimes had trouble getting enough eggs for cooking purposes during this hiding period. Rob and Jane Ann were generally the leaders in this contest. They would have dozens of eggs and no one could ever find their cache.

Mother always tried to teach us not to be afraid. Her example

helped us most. She would say "If you hear a strange sound find out what made it. Then to one it will be nothing to be alarmed about." One evening when we were living in the big new house and had the kitchen in the front room, mother was ill. I was mixing bread on the table by the big window. Everything was very quiet. The blind was not drawn. Suddenly a very loud rap came on the window just in front of me. I was terrified. I ran in to mother and almost jumped in her bed. She told me to go right outside and find out what had hit the window. I went to the door and poked my nose out and went back to mother and said I couldn't see anything. She said firmly "You go outside and walk all around the house and look in every corner." I went and this time I found Roland just around the corner laughing till he was weak. He had seen me by the window and had crept up to give me a scare after he had put his pony in the pasture. I felt like hammering him.

Mother had a large wooden box with a curtain around it in which she kept her treasures. There was no lock on the box, but not one of us children would ever think of lifting the lid unless mother was there. Often on rainy days we would all gather around the box and mother would open it and show us different "keep sakes" and tell us their story. There was a paisley shawl that had belonged to Grandpa Murdock's sister Betsy Green; another shawl and lace cap that been worn by Grandpa's mother Sally Stacy; an A B C book of long ago; a tiny blue toy wagon that my little brother had played with as he tagged along after father, and whose death nearly broke father's heart. (I still own the cap, shawl, book and wagon. There were also four little tiny rolls of cloth containing bits of the burial clothing of Willie, Archie, Niffy and Sadie. In those days the sewing was done for the dead in the home. As mother unrolled these sacred bundles, each about two inches long, she would show each piece--"Now this lace was on Sadie's petticoat, etc." She would do it all tenderly, but with no weeping. As I grew older I'm glad she did it in just that way.

Parents and doctors know much more about caring for children these days and so infant mortality is lower. My parents lost four of their children in their very youthful years. I heard about Willie and Archie. Mother would show us a tiny blue toy wagon belonging to Willie who used to tag father wherever he went. She told us how father gave up playing his violin after Willie's death. He would seldom touch it. When she opened Niffy's roll she would tell us that she was glad to see him at rest--he had suffered so long. Once I heard mother make a little complaint about father having us go on picking, the wild oats from the wheat that was to be planted even the evening after Niffy's funeral. We would pour a bucket full of wheat on the kitchen table and pick out the oats.

I don't think father did it for lack of tenderness about the baby, but to lose himself and cover up his feelings in work. I read his diary about his feelings and that of the children after one of the babies had died and I'm sure I am right.

When new babies were due to arrive in our family we were not notified as children are today. Some things were kept as sacred and had a surprise element in them. Mother or Eliza would do secret sewing that would be covered from prying eyes. One October morning father told us all to get ready to go to the potato field on Lake Creek. Eliza had our lunch packed. We all piled into the wagon and away we went. Father hurriedly plowed a few rows of potatoes, left the sacks and buckets for us and told us to wait till he came for us. He went away in a great rush. Rob directed us. He built a fire to roast potatoes to go with our lunch later on. Then we picked the rows of potatoes which had been plowed for us and put them into the sacks. It didn't take us very long to do our work as there were many hands. We played games until Rob said the potatoes were baked then we enjoyed a wonderful feast. What is better than home made butter on piping hot roasted potatoes, especially when you have youthful hunger as a sauce? A few ashes just adds to the taste. We rested and waded in the warm pools of water along Lake Creek, and as the evening shadows began to fall father returned. He helped pile us and the potatoes into the wagon and we went home. We were ushered into mother's bedroom. Mother was in bed and beside her a little bundle in a soft blanket. A little fat, pink-faced baby girl so plump that her eyes could not open--what a lovely surprise! How we loved her! And how much we loved mother for her lovely gift to the family. This was Loranda Mabel Lindsay. Every new baby was welcome and came as a happy surprise as far as the children were concerned.

We children loved to play in the snow. We liked to lie down to make our images in the soft snow in late afternoons. Once Jane Ann, Eunice and I were playing thus in the orchard and mother called us, telling us to stop or we would be wet and get sick. We went right on playing just the same. Mother called again and promised a tanning if we didn't stop. We didn't stop so before we went into the house Jane Ann, who always thought of queer things to do, took Eunice and me to the stackyard and stuffed the back of our clothes with straw. She then put a board up her back and we went to the house. Mother had her tanning stick ready and gave Jane Ann--always the ring leader--a whack on the back. When she heard the thud on the board she had to laugh. And that ended our tanning. When she saw how our little legs

were scratched with the straw she thought Eunice and I had punished ourselves enough.

Once we were playing prisoner with my brother, George C. Lindsay. Jane Ann, Eunice and I were the enemies who had captured George and were forcing him to drag heavy log chains up the hill toward the granery. We had put these chains around his neck and they were dragging down behind. We were goading him and forcing him to drag these chains up hill. We thought he was doing a good job of staggering when one of us noticed that his face was turning black. He was nearly choked to death. Were we scared! No more prisoners for us!

Another time we were playing funeral. I was the corpse. I was laid out in a deep wooden box that was too short for me. I had all mothers starched doilies and crocheted "tidies" over me to make me look death-like. Whether it was the cramped position, the emotional strain of being dead so long or the lack of air I don't know, but I fainted. Then there was real emotion. The next thing I knew all my burial finery was soaked with water and the children were really crying and shaking me into life again.

In those days people all went to funerals and took their children. The mourners all dressed in black and put on a good show. Self control was considered a sign of lack of love for the departed. People sat up all night with the corpse, which was ghastly after the facial saturation of salt petre for two or three days. People were not put in outer vaults just a wooden box outside the coffin. Then at the grave everyone waited to hear the rocks and sod drop down on the wooden boards, and the children watched to see how their elders would react to those deadening sounds. No wonder children dramatized such scenes, and were afraid of death and the dark.

The children from the two families played together much of the time, especially when our parents were away. The highway went right by Lindsay's Dell and as the spring water ran across the road there most sheep men, lumber men, or Indians would stop to refresh themselves in the shade of the trees and get a drink of cool sparkling spring water. Eliza and Mamie, the oldest of each family, were very much afraid of Indians so after the parents would leave our two leaders would often take us into the cedars on "Lindsay Hill" or into the shady willow groves in our pasture to play until the parents came home. One time Mamie's mother left her to bake the bread, so we were by ourselves with Eliza. We were all very quiet. We heard a loud rap at the door. We opened it cautiously

and there stood a woman with a white paste-like face with drooping eyes and mouth. I was terrified and screamed and clung to Eliza. So did the other children. Eliza hastened to pull the ghastly face from the woman and disclosed Mamie nearly suffocated with her dough mask and laughter. We learned later that Eliza and Mamie had planned the scare.

Eliza was always afraid, but no Indians, tramps nor land jumpers ever injured us in any way. Many Indians came begging for bread and many camped in our fields. We children were more curious than afraid, all except Eliza. Often at night the Indians, returning to the Uintah Reservation from Heber would go by our place screaming and yelling in a frightening way. They would be drunk and at that time they were really dangerous. Once in awhile we would hear shots from a pistol as they rode by on their galloping horses. We heard many Indian stories which kept us plenty scared. I remember Uncle Andrew and his pal were herding their cows. The two boys were hiding in a ditch near by and they saw the Indians shoot one of their own men to death after tying him to a tree. His head dropped to one side and the children could see that he was dead. Such stories which had happened earlier in Heber history kept alertness and a certain amount of caution and fear alive in us.

Father used to quarry red sandstone from the rock quarry two miles east of Heber. The "Buffalo Trails" were part of this quarry. Once I had to go alone to take his dinner to him. That was a long way for a little girl to go along the dusty road, then through the sage brush to the pit where father was working. Probably that is why I remember it. Just as I reached the depression and looked in, father hit his finger with the heavy sledge hammer and took the nail off. The blood poured out, but father just shook his hand vigorously and went on working. He didn't even say a swear word.

Sunday did not creep upon us unawares in those days. We looked forward to it and planned and worked for it. Saturday, chips were gathered and wood (mostly scrub oak) was brought in and piled neatly in the wood box back of the kitchen stove. The wash boiler was filled with water from the well or from the spring creek that ran some distance from the house and down a little hill--south of the house. The wooden tub was placed beside the stove. A cloth of some sort was thrown over some kitchen chairs to form a nice warm private bath room beside the cook stove. Before any activity here began, however, each person old enough to be responsible had already polished his shoes

until they were shining like a tin mirror. The polish used was generally soot from the bottom of the stove lid moistened with milk with a bit of sugar added. Energetic brushing, followed the application of the polish and the resulting shine depended on the energy put on the brush handle. The stockings, all properly mended, were put in the shoes and a whole line of sparkling foot wear stood along the wall with heels back waiting to step out for Sunday. Petticoats, dresses and pants were hanging over each pair of shoes. No time to mend, hunt, bathe or polish on the Sabbath.

Then came the cleansing rites--youngest first--mother or sister had to help. The only consolation for those who had to wait or bathe in thrice used water was saying: "The first the worst, the second the same, the last the best of all the game." Mother was always very careful in putting hot water in the tub. She always poured cold water in first to avoid accidents. She was the one to decide when the tub had to be emptied and an entire fresh start made. It was a joyous feeling to be able to start with clean water. Bathing by a hot iron stove in a tub of soapy water is no place to make a fuss. No matter whether you like the regulations or not, you just can't fume about it. You can't fuss without skin have only to come together once to teach their lesson. One skid in a tub of soap suds brings you on humble knees before the voice of authority. You weekly accept decrees of those in charge of this cleansing process--THE WEEKLY BATH!

Father's violin in a tan figured cotton sack was a choice belonging of early days. It had belonged to his father and when the family left Scotland, Grandma would not leave it behind. When they were crossing the plains she was told that there was no place for the violin, but she said, "I'll take it if I have to carry it in my arms all the way." Father used to play it for us once in a while, but mother said that for a long time after my brother, Willie's death he would not touch the violin which Willie had loved so much. This violin was later given to George, then to Esther, who passed it on to Theo and Lois Anderson's daughter, Jean.

The new house at Lindsay's Dell was built by some Swedish fellow father hired to do the work. They slept in the log privy which still stands on rock "stilts" on the hill. The log house is well built. Wooden pegs fasten all the logs together. Weather boarding over the logs adds strength and warmth. The house was roomy and comfortable, but the water was not installed until quite some time after father's death, al-

, though he had always hoped to get the water piped from the spring so that we could have a bath installed. He had told us about such things before we had even seen them. The farm house now, 1955, has three upstairs bedrooms with clothes closets, one bedroom downstairs, a large living room, a dining room, a kitchen and a bath. Father would have been delighted with the new improvements. He had also planned for a furnace for heating.

Once while the Swedish men were working on our new house, we children were peeping into their sleeping quarters in the top of the granary and we saw some smoking tobacco there. I have never been able to understand what gave Jane Ann the idea, but she took a narrow piece of a fresh new shingle and cut notches in it all the way down. Then she filled these notches with this smoking tobacco. She, herself, had been in a dentists chair. None of the others had had that enlightening experience. So she said she would be the dentist. She had me sit down on a box for the dentist's chair and put my head back and open my mouth. I did as I was told. She put the tobacco-laden shingle strip in my mouth and blew the contents into my throat. Of course I was choked nearly to death. I swallowed enough of the stuff to make me sick at my stomach, too. If ever you saw a frightened girl it was Jane Ann. I was so white that she sent Eunice to the house for mother's sunbonnet. She put that on me and led me around all day with it on. She wouldn't even let me take it off when the sun went down. I remember we were in the corral at milking time and the boys asked what was wrong, and still she would not let me take the bonnet off nor tell what had happened. Mother used to blow "golden seal" down our throats when we had sore throat. Whether that is where she got the idea I will never know, but I was a sick girl for some time, I know that.

Mother's youngest sister, Esther Murdock, had a marked influence on my life. She was my ideal of kindness and genuine goodness. She took good care of Grandmother, Eliza Murdock, and of Grandfather and of Frank and Ed and Ab, whose mother was dead. She would go to the store with us children to help us buy our shoes when mother couldn't go. She would look after us when the weather was bad and we needed to stay in town over night to be at school in the morning. She helped mother sew and do many other things. Once she made me a dress--the prettiest one I ever had. It was brown brilliantine, left over from Grandma's dress. It was trimmed with gold colored plush. My, how I loved that dress!

Grandpa Murdock was a member of the Min Council and at Conference time he would sit on the "stand" facing the audience. Everyone could see him. One time he came rushing into Grandma's kitchen and said he was late for Conference. He washed his hands and was dashing out of the front door for church when Aunt Esther grabbed him by the coat collar and literally dragged him back into the house and cleaned him up and combed his heavy gray hair and sent him off to Conference still fuming, but very neat and respectable looking.

During watering season it was a custom of grandfather's to ride to his hayland on an old mare. His legs were thin and the air would whip his pant legs so he would tie a string around each leg. He seldom had strings of the same color. This morning he had a white one on one leg and a red one on the other. Aunt Esther had to snip these off before he could put on his "Sunday Pants." I could not understand why Grandpa generally had different colored strings on his legs. After years I remembered that Grandma had her carpet rag balls on a chest near her bedroom door. Now I know that Grandpa would just reach in and break off a string as he needed one. If the color was green or yellow it didn't matter to Grandpa.

Aunt Esther didn't marry as early as some girls did at that time. I liked her for that. She finally married George U. Lindsay of Park City. He was my father's cousin. Her first child was a girl whom she named Eliza after her mother. The summer she was expecting another baby, I went to Park City (Empire Canyon) while to stay with her and to keep her company and to care for little Eliza. Aunt Esther felt miserable and I didn't feel that she was too happy. I decided that if a Grand woman like Aunt Esther didn't deserve the greatest happiness in life, then why bother going into matrimony. She used to tell me that if anything happened that she didn't get well she didn't want George's mother to take little Eliza. While at Park City I used to visit Aunt Mary Murdock who had been a pal of Aunt Esther and who had married George Murry, a miner. They lived in Ontario Canyon. Their house was clean and cool. I used to comb Aunt Mary's long auburn hair till she would fall asleep. She couldn't even wash a dish while her husband was on night shift for fear of waking him. She had to tip toe around and talk in subdued whispers all the time. I didn't like that either. I wanted to shout to see what would happen. Aunt Mary had several children later. I don't know what she did when they cried.

When Aunt Esther's baby was born in Park City they both died and were buried in the same casket. Her little boy was cuddled in her arms, but Little Eliza went to live with George's mother though grandma, mother and Aunt Sina all wanted to take her. In later years she went to Canada with Lizzie Pryde and married ----- . She had two boys, probably more. She died in Canada.

(Aunt Esther was buried in the Heber City Cemetary. For years her grave was unmarked. Then I painted over a red sandstone marker that father had made for little Don Edler, but when a new one was put up for Don, father helped me fix the sandstone one for Aunt Esther. It is still, 1955, marking the resting place of this wonderful woman and her little son.

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Elizabeth F. Lindsay died in Provo, Utah on January 6th, 1958, and is buried in the Heber City Cemetary. This history is taken from many hand written pages, and depicts in a most interesting way her life and that of others.